





s. A. price #8



featuring  
fan death records  
& the Tartans



I was in Baltimore at the Ottobar and I wasn't dancing. I was in the front and I was sitting on the floor and you were in front of me and then you were gone. I don't know if it was because you wanted some water and couldn't get back or you wanted to leave me alone or if you couldn't see me like that, if you didn't want to, because it's not how you want me to be, how you expect me to be. So I sit there and a boy who I know who I said hi to earlier and he didn't say hi back, he just said my name three times, asks me why I'm not dancing, and I say I always dance but not tonight and he says he knows and I say can I have a cigarette? And he says I don't smoke, and I say, neither do I and I put my head back between my knees for a few minutes before I stand up for a little while and watch the stage and whoever is on stage leans down and sings to the audience and although he's right in front of me he's not singing to me, just a blank stare across the room, so I go to find the bathroom and I stand in front of the sink and wait for a moment because I'm going to throw up. I haven't been drinking, I was at a gathering of friends and strangers who are all much older than me and I sometimes drink around them but not tonight because it felt strange because I was the youngest by far and this was a grown up party with white wine, and they were treating me young so I felt it so I didn't drink. But I didn't throw up then, at the sink. I didn't throw up until much later when we got home and I was outside and you were inside. But I guess Ali saw me standing there because she came over to find me and say hello and I said hello back and she said we'll talk when it's quieter because the band that doesn't sing to me is still playing, and it seems like they go on forever and I wait there for you and for her and after the band plays I walk past you and I find Ali and I say Hello and I meet her friends from Norfolk who all like my glasses, and the band plays an encore and Ali goes on stage to play tambourine and me and her friends go in the side stage where the audience isn't meant to go but we are allowed to go and we dance there, and I see my friends who drink white wine in the audience and they come back and we all dance and it's the first I've danced all night and I'm hysterical after it's over and we go back to the two-steps upstairs because I need these people

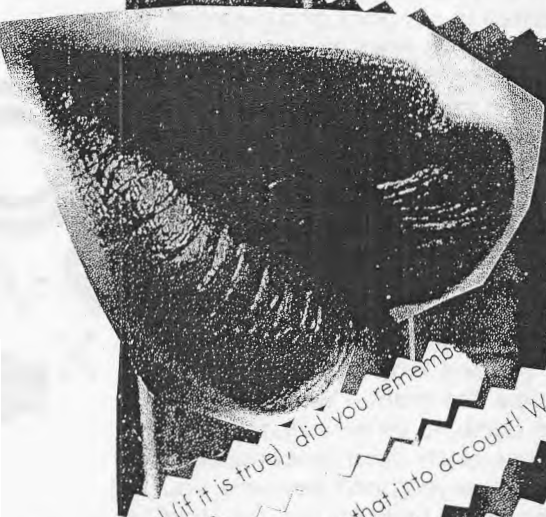


because I've been so so alone all night standing next to you. Me and Ashley from Norfolk exchange telephone numbers and I go outside and realize that I make these new friends all the time, all these new friends and all my old friends and none of you see me as a person, you see me as a form of entertainment, and anecdote to be repeated at a later date, a sort of novelty, because how could a person like me exist in this world? And I realized this for the first time since I met all these people at a different Vivian Girls show in October, that although I thought we had all been together and the same, I had actually been alone, and I wanted to go because I wanted to get back and I wanted to sleep, not because I was tired, but because I didn't want to be awake. So I called out to my friends and you said in passing "Louise is great," and I have never felt so profoundly or achingly alone as I did at that moment because I knew it wasn't meant in the way I wanted it to be meant, and most of all I didn't want to be Louise and I didn't want to be great in that way. I just wanted to be a normal person like the rest of these normal people, who don't get remembered and don't get talked about unless they've done something wrong, who grow up and who don't have any trouble finding people like them. I wanted to be together instead of alone, to let my friends define me and for us to have each other, because right now nobody has me, and you don't want me, you just want me around. When I told you this, you told me not to change and you like me the way I am, and you think I'm one of the coolest people you know and really, please, don't change and you could have saved yourself the pep talk because I couldn't no matter how hard I tried, and anyway, I don't believe you. If you meant it, why don't you want me? It's still one of those realizations that keeps hitting me; I go to sleep exhausted by what has happened and wake up the next morning to have it happen all over again. You tell me I don't understand, but you haven't made an effort to explain and so I don't understand.

I got all my friends in the car and Paul and Melissa sat in the front and held hands, and Andrew Bucket sat on the right side window and pretended to sleep and Ebbie sat on the left and pretended not to be there and I sat in the middle and pretended to be okay.

# THE TARTANS

heard a rumor that you got Yvonne to join by hiding in the bushes outside her house and smacking her with a baseball bat. First off, is this true? This depends on who exactly your readership is.



Second (if it is true), did you remember facing out?

Oops, we didn't take that into account! We're not the smartest of criminals.

Third, how did you guys decide on this course of action, and did you hold strategic planning meetings, with chalkboards and whatnot?

We did draw up elaborate plans but they were burned them in the fire at the Kenji Shack (see below).

How often do you practice?

We practice around twice a week, occasionally lapsing into less productive schedules, when school, work, Jesse's fatherly duties, other band's shows or fatigue get in the way.





Do you participate in the Oxnard "scene" a lot? I know you guys are about an hour away, but I'm the same distance from Baltimore, and the DC-Baltimore scenes are pretty symbiotic. Can you tell me about the Oxnard scene?

Yeah, we play with Oxnard bands probably more often than we do groups from Los Angeles. Even though Oxnard is rather small, we've found some of the most like-minded groups, as well as some of the sweetest people, to be up there. We've spent many lovely days and nights in the (805), sometimes in pajamas, sometimes beside a bonfire smoldering beyond control at the Kenji Shack (a house that doubles as a venue), typically dancing to the Pastels with cans of Tecate in hand. Strange, because I'm not sure any of us love Tecate. But we'll drink it, we will.

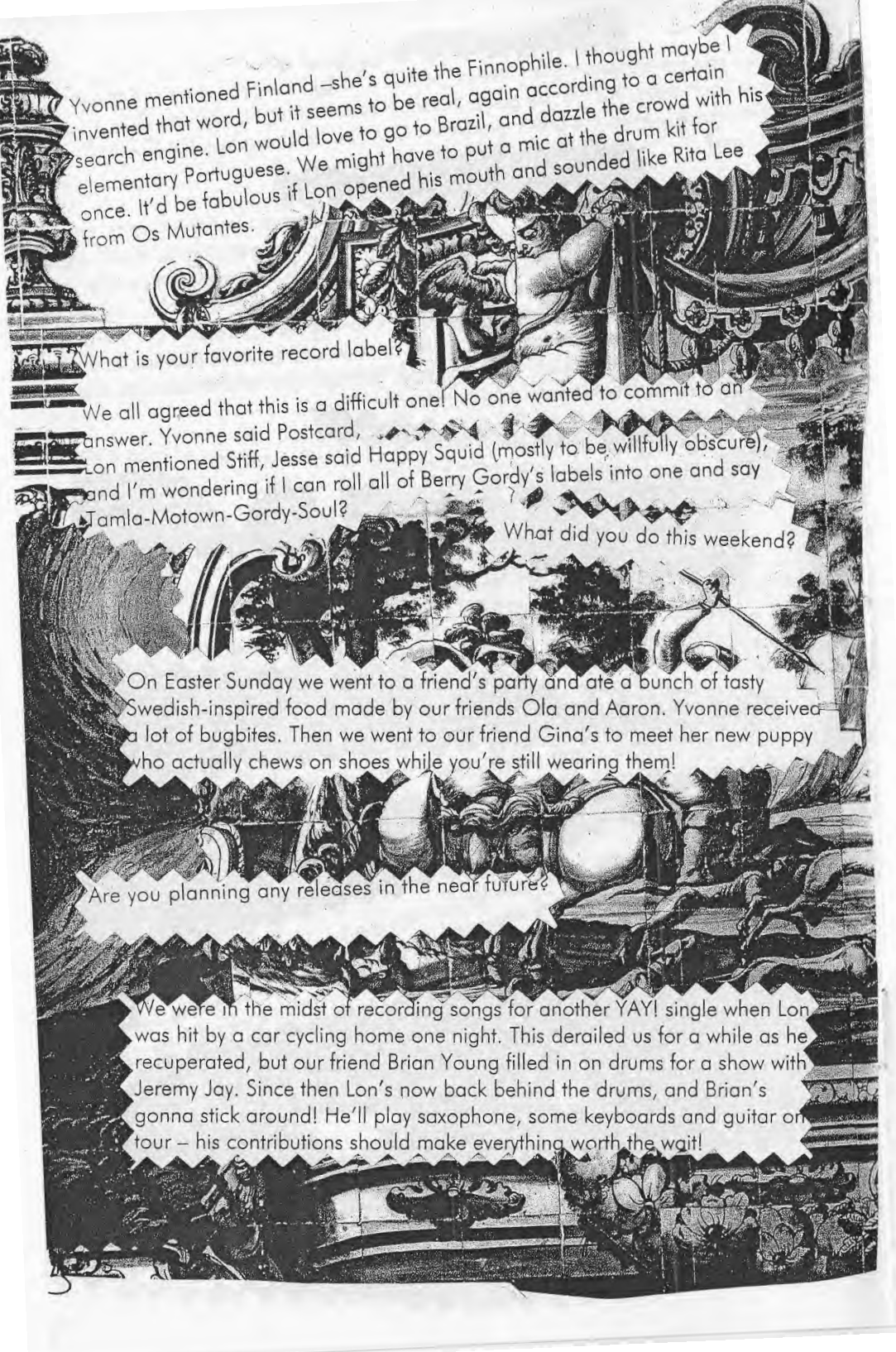
If you were going to write a song in C#m7, what would it be about?

I had to Google that chord, admittedly. Found a website called 8note.com where they show you how to form it on the fretboard and then they play the chord for you in MIDI. Sounds very High Llamas. If we write a song in C#m7 it might have to be called "Louise Taught Us Everything We Know About Pretty Chords".

Do you switch instruments a lot? I know that you are all multitasking.

We switch instruments a lot, save for Lon who's stuck on drums only because you'd rather not hear most of us drumming. Jesse and Yvonne are probably tied in terms of multitasking, while I currently only switch off from guitar to bass for two tunes.

If you were going to conquer the world starting from America, which country would you invade first?



Yvonne mentioned Finland —she's quite the Finnophile. I thought maybe I invented that word, but it seems to be real, again according to a certain search engine. Lon would love to go to Brazil, and dazzle the crowd with his elementary Portuguese. We might have to put a mic at the drum kit for once. It'd be fabulous if Lon opened his mouth and sounded like Rita Lee from Os Mutantes.

What is your favorite record label?

We all agreed that this is a difficult one! No one wanted to commit to an answer. Yvonne said Postcard, Lon mentioned Stiff, Jesse said Happy Squid (mostly to be willfully obscure), and I'm wondering if I can roll all of Berry Gordy's labels into one and say Tamla-Motown-Gordy-Soul?

What did you do this weekend?

On Easter Sunday we went to a friend's party and ate a bunch of tasty Swedish-inspired food made by our friends Ola and Aaron. Yvonne received a lot of bugbites. Then we went to our friend Gina's to meet her new puppy who actually chews on shoes while you're still wearing them!

Are you planning any releases in the near future?

We were in the midst of recording songs for another YAY! single when Lon was hit by a car cycling home one night. This derailed us for a while as he recuperated, but our friend Brian Young filled in on drums for a show with Jeremy Jay. Since then Lon's now back behind the drums, and Brian's gonna stick around! He'll play saxophone, some keyboards and guitar on tour — his contributions should make everything worth the wait!

# ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE

This is the story of how we took over the Safeway and turned it into a record store. We wanted to take over a Stop 'n' Shop because I've been had been having all these Jonathan Richman dreams, and that must mean something, right? But there aren't any stop 'n' shops in Maryland.

It all began on indie record store day. It was awful. This was just after the zombie outbreak of '09 and the zombies had gone for the hipsters first. The bright colors attracted them. Luckily, my heart had just been broken and I was wearing black on the outside because that was how I felt on the inside. Now, hipsters are already pretty listless and disinterested, so it's very hard to tell which ones had been turned into zombie and which hadn't, so it was wise to avoid all of them, though I would recommend avoiding hipsters in any case so it was no trouble at all. But therein lies the paradox. They're impossible to avoid. They all come out on indie record store day to not-socialize and look aloof, and zombie hipsters are no different. So of course we had nowhere to go. I looked around at my friends. Some of them had already been infected and were browsing the record stores. There's no time for mourning in the zombie apocalypse, so I didn't cry for those we had lost.

We needed supplies. Obviously the best place to go is a regular sized Target plenty of imperishable goods, not a Super Wal-mart, because there are just too many exits. But of course we couldn't make it to a Target, so we just had to settle for a Safeway because although supermarkets aren't ideal, because they have huge windows in the front to display the food, and those can easily be broken into by zombies. But we didn't want to go in the metro because who knows what it's like there. So we went into a Safeway and moved the ice machine in front of the door and began gathering zucchinis to use as night sticks, because Obama took all our guns.

People who have internets on their phones begin ordering records en masse. We need a record store by this time next year. But the zombies are coming! We have to stop. They're beating at our windows. We blast Vivian Girls over the P.A. system. All the super hip zombies realize that Vivian Girls are out of style and all the medium hip ones begin talking about what a great record this is and their limited edition red vinyl copy of the 7". The super hip ones begin looking condescendingly at the ones who are enjoying the music. This keeps them occupied while we change all the fonts of the signs to Comic Sans. It kills me to do this, I hate Comic Sans. But I know that hipsters can only read things printed in Helectiva, and we can thusly confuse and divert them.

So they're all running around, using their art and design school degrees as magic wands to change the font to Helectiva. We stand behind the signs, awaiting them, and pull off their glasses and break them so that they can't see. But of course they are just wearing them to be ironic so this is an exercise in futility. I'm the only one who has real glasses. I didn't know they were hipster glasses, I swear! I thought they were Leslie Hall glasses, a.k.a. internets glasses. And I'm okay with that. We remind them that they're in a grocery store, and if they stay here too long, food particles might pass through their nose and they might gain a few milliliters. I don't really understand metric, or broken social scene, for that matter. In any case, it works and they leave. I eat Nilla Wafers. When did this story degenerate from "we" into "I"? All my friends have turned into monsters and left me alone.





# How Louise Will Fuck You up at Various DC venues

Velvet Lounge - go to greet you as you walk up the stairs. She will give you a hug, and grab your hair while you are least suspecting it. She will use your hair to pull you to ~~her~~ arm's length, punch you, and throw you down the stairs while you are in shock.



## Rock 'N' Roll Hotel

get you standing under the speaker, then get Rob, the sound dude, to tell you there is nothing to worry about, he is just adjusting the speakers, but he will release the chains and the speaker will fall on you.

Black Cat (backstage) - pull the milk crate out from under the monitors, which will fall on your toes. You will not be able to walk with broken toes/feet, so I will use the milk crate to deliver a severe, non-penetrative blow to the head. You will be concussed, go to sleep, and go into a coma.

## SPOUSE

Michelle Duggan  
Ian Curtis's corpse  
Rose Melberg  
A communist

~~exit~~ M A

## CAR

Razor scooter  
Broomstick  
Robert Smith's hair  
Rollercoaster

## CITY

Athens (Georgia)  
Olympia (WA)  
Athens (Greece)  
Olympia (Greece)

## COMPUTER

Macbook Air  
HP (weird or PC, your choice)

Dell  
tits

# of Kiels

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9

## CONCUBINE

Diana Ross  
Heather Lewis  
Paul Kravitz's girlfriend  
Margaret Thatcher

## FINE DINING ESTABLISHMENT OF CHOICE

Watto (Wafflehouse)

IHOP

Checker's

Louise's bakery

THE TAPE THAT GETS  
STUCK IN YOUR CAR  
STEREO FOREVER SO  
YOU HAVE TO LISTEN  
TO IT OR ELSE THE  
RADIO

Uncommon Intransitive  
Verbs Ca Crush tape  
cute girl made you  
louder than Bombs  
Arvin Sulliman by the  
High Water Marks\*  
It doesn't matter... the

~~\*Available on Fox Pop tapes \$5.95~~

S H

INSTRUMENT

Electric guitar  
Peggy Bank  
Drums  
Bass

STD

HIV  
Syphilis  
Babies  
Grabs

AMPUTATED LIMBS

Left arm  
Middle finger  
Nose (DIY to spite your  
back)  
Big toe

BOOK YOUR FRIEND  
BORROWED & NEVER  
RETURNED

Please Kill Me  
Our Band Could Be Your Life  
Portrait of Dorian Gray  
~~Wish You Were Here~~  
Psychology textbook  
tered ate it

OTHER THINGS NOT  
TO EXPECT BACK

My heart  
Your hoodie  
Manhattan Love Suicide  
Kers Documentary

ARE YOU ON A BOAT?

Yes.  
No.  
Maybe. (It's Schrödinger's  
boat)  
It's sinking.

\*available  
on box pop  
tapes. \$5 US,  
6\$ World. Send  
checks to Alex  
Militello at  
Fox Pop Recording  
Co. PO BOX 302  
Rockford MI  
49314 USA.  
OR concealed  
cash. It's a  
great tape.

~~Send checks to Alex Militello or concealed cash to  
Fox Recording Co. PO Box 302 Rockford MI 49314 USA~~

# Gays! (gender neutral)

I decided I want some hoodies but I don't want to buy them, because ~~that~~ it is just more fun to wear other people's clothes. Girlies, I will trade you floral, polka dot, plaid or gingham dresses in exchange for hoodies. Boys, you should just give me hoodies ~~and~~ ~~and~~ because I don't think any of my clothes will fit you. I have two so far, one from Katy B, it is starry and striped, and one from



Ebbie. I know ~~and~~ when you called me to ask if I had worn it home by accident, I ~~wasn't~~ promised to return it. But I crossed my fingers, so it doesn't count.

help  
start  
quise's  
the people's  
Hoodies  
Collection!

burny  
hood



it's too  
big

also, I  
am getting  
new glasses  
soon just  
a warning.  
Be prepared!



# FAN DEATH RECORDS

Louise: What are your intentions in starting Fan Death records?

Chris Berry: What? I think our intentions are pretty good. I wouldn't start it if I didn't think—actually, no, I'm starting a label and I'm only going to release the worst records that anyone has ever recorded. I don't want to sell any copies.

Louise: Why would you do that? You can't make money that way. Isn't that what this is all about?

Chris Berry: Well, we started the label because Sean had done a label, I had released a couple of records, and he did a label called Kick Back for a while, and he had some releases that were pretty good, *[CHRIS talks about bands and stuff that I don't know about]* But he stopped the label because he came to school, moved to Silver Spring, and wasn't really around Baltimore anymore, and, uh, so he released this record by a band called Clock Cleaner, and I bought it from him and he took a while to send it to me, but

*[SEAN is walking over]* I'm telling the story of how we met.

Louise: So how did you meet your wife?

Chris Berry: I met my wife, well, we were at a Half Japanese show...well I ordered a record by a band called Crack Cleaner and they're playing their last show in a few weeks, and it was from Kick Back records, so a month went by and I hadn't got it, so I sent this guy an email like, "Hey, have you sent this out yet?" and something like "Oh, you live in College Park, I'm gonna be going to school there" and, uh, then we saw Crack Cleaner and Deerhunter at this show and we met there, and I convinced him to apply to WMUC and ever since we've been good friends.

Someone: How many kids you got on your myspace?

Sean: To be honest, we don't take a lot of that stuff seriously.

Louise: Then how do you get records into the hands of awaiting teenage souls?

Chris: We release records by bands people want to listen to.

Sean: I would take that one step farther. We release records by bands we like and we assume that if we like it, other people are gonna like it too, because we're assholes.

Chris: Yeah. And every record comes with meth.

Louise: I feel like that's a good marketing scheme. Is it good meth?

Chris: It depends on what it is. We have some special editions, you can get the colored vinyl, and it's limited

to like four copies, and you get really, really good meth, and then you get the regular black vinyl version, it's okay, but you, know.

Louise: That's a shame, because I guess I'll just have to get the colored vinyl.

Chris: We don't do a lot of colored vinyl.

Louise: How do you feel about colored vinyl?

Chris: Sometimes it can be cool, uh, like we did for the Ringo Deathstarr 12" that we just put out, we did it on colored vinyl.

Louise: What color?

Chris: It's on hot pink.

Louise: That rules.

Doug: What about colored people?

Sean: My opinion on colored people? They're too colored for me. I like my race pure.

Chris: Sean wishes they were limited edition.

Sean: Going back to vinyl, I have no real interest in colored vinyl, if that's what the band wants, but black vinyl is fine with me, it's cheaper.

Chris: The other thing is sometimes people kind of go crazy over colored vinyl in a way that's like, "Oh, I need this, there are only 200 copies of this color, I need this, I'm gonna spend a lot more money" but really I think the point of record collecting is having the songs themselves.

Scotty Maxwell: When it's limited to thirty and a half copies.

Louise: Thirty three and a third.

Scotty: One of them is like a pizza.

Louise: I dunno, I feel like personally to me, if you wanna get music out there, the internet's your best option, and any records or any physical relics are just for your own personal vanity.

Sean: I completely 100% disagree. There's something to be said about getting a record. There's nothing wrong with having a physical product. We live in this culture where everything is so instant and because everything is so instant, people have disregarded the actual process, the actual physical ideal of a record. There's something to be said for effort that's put into a physical product.

Chris: Because today you can go onto google and you can search pretty much anything, any band name, then mediafire, or megaupload or something, and this is probably gonna sound really funny in five years when there are other things.

Sean: I'm gonna flat out tell you right now, there are these two bands, they're called Wavves and they're called Blank Dogs and these bands have made their career on the internet.

Chris: Yeah, basically internet hype, limited edition, like, everything's super limited, and it's like if you

don't hear it, you can download it, but people spend stupid money for their records.

Sean: It's not just that. There's something to be said about having a band that's based on the internet. That's what those bands are based on. They're actually based on the internet. There's something that's taken away. Granted, maybe we come from a different generation than you, and you being younger, have been subjected to "This is how music is processed, this is how music is digested," but for us [I remember walking up to the record store in the snow, with rags around my feet because we didn't have any shoes because we had boiled the shoe leather for soup, and going to the record store and saving pennies I found on the street to just so I could get one record by a band I had never heard of, etc., etc., he goes on about the good old days for a while]

Chris: Like, we had a blog put up the 7" we did for Drunk Driver basically immediately after it came out, and, um, it got downloaded a whole lot, and as a result of that, we sold a lot more copies. I don't really have an issue with that, but what I do have an issue with is, like, I don't think that release is gonna be disposable for a lot of people the got it. People can download something, pass judgment on something, move on to the next thing immediately.

Louise: I feel like having everything available so quickly on the internet makes people value whatever silly collector's edition they have more, especially if it's not for some band that they got it because they thought it was really cool that week and they wanted to get it to show to their friends and be cooler than them. If you can download anything you want, you're only gonna buy what is really important to you.

Chris: Like the band Blank Dogs, it's one guy doing a four track recording, it's kind of spooky, synthy, voice--punk or goth or something, and some of it's alright, but a lot of it is just totally "I spent thirty minutes writing the song on a four track, I didn't really spend all that much time writing a great song that everyone's gonna remember forever," This dude, he seriously puts out a new 7" like every month.

Louise: That's a lot

Chris: It is a lot, and you know they can't all possibly be-like, if we release something by a band, it might be the only thing they ever release, or they might only have a couple of releases.

Sean: If you actually invest money into a band--now there are internet labels, and what they do is they just host mp3s, and that's stupid. I think it's dumb. Here's the thing, first of all, CD format is dead. When we're talking about a physical product, we're often just talking about a record.

Chris: We're only ever releasing vinyl.

Sean: It doesn't even have to do with this cool post-modern factor vinyl has now subjected itself to. I think we find vinyl to be one, it helps us make money. We wanna make money. There is nothing wrong with us trying to make enough money to put out the next record. And if that is the format to keep us putting out records, then yeah, we'll keep doing it.

Chris: Which is what we're trying to do. I'm not just gonna make a shitload of money and chill. I'm gonna take the money and put out some awesome records.

Louise: You're not gonna be like a publicly held company on the stock exchange?

Chris: Actually that would be pretty interesting, if there were an independent or DIY label that operated, you know and they sold shares-

Louise: And had to answer to their investors-

Chris: And had an IPO, and you know, you'd get-

Louise: How big do you have to be to do that?

Unidentified person: You have to be a certain size to be on the New York Stock Exchange, but you don't to be publicly traded. It could be like five dudes

Louise: And an 8-track.

Chris: What was it? There was this message board, Vinyl Collective, and it's a bunch of people on this message board started a label, and it's like everyone throws in fifty dollars, and what they release is voted on. On the one hand, it's interesting, but on the other hand, I'm like, this is gonna be a huge pyramid scheme. Somebody's gonna run off with all this money and, you know, or they're just gonna be too much compromise and they're gonna end up releasing dumb records.

Sean: I'll say this. The one time I met Ian MacKaye was in a bathroom. It was really weird.

Louise: What did you say to him? Were you like, "If you shake it more than three times, you're playing with it!"

Sean: I was coming out of the bathroom and I was washing my hands, and Ian MacKaye was next to me, washing his hands. And I was like sixteen years old, fifteen years old. I was like "Mr. MacKaye, your band is like my friggin' favorite!!!"

Chris: Tell the story about meeting Mark Arm that you told the dude at the show last night.

Sean: I was thirteen or fourteen, and it was my first real show, my first real show was when my dad took me to see Mudhoney.

Someone: What year was it?

Sean: '95. So it was right before they broke up. And you know, I had never been to like a club show, I had always gone to arena shows, and it was so weird for me to be able to see the stage, and everything was so close together. So



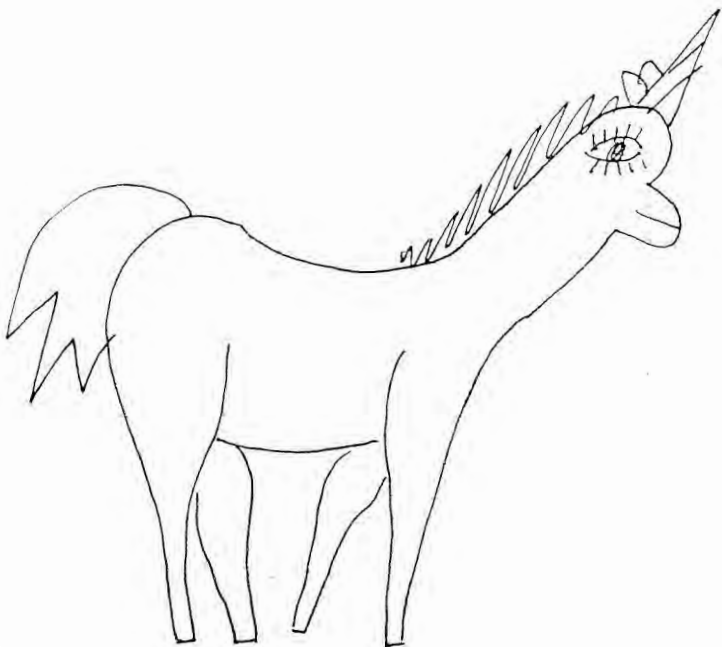
I see Mark Arms getting a beer at the bar, nobody was talking to him, I had just got his 7", I was so excited, I was like, "I can't believe I bought this 7"!" and I look at the 7" and I go, "Excuse me, Mr. Mark Arms, you guys are an awesome punk band. You guys got me into the MC5. Can I have your autograph?" And he was like "Sure," and he even did something dumb with the A. I was like "Thank you, sir! Thank you so much!" There were also like 200 people there, and it was the first time I had ever seen people diving off stage. You see it on TV, but it's weird when you see it in person. This guy goes on the stage, jumps off, nobody went to catch him, so he's all spread out on the floor, and the paramedics had to come pull him up in a stretcher.

Chris: That reminds me when Municipal Waste played and this guy jumped off the barricade, it was at a gym at James Madison university, and he jumps off the barricade, over six rows of people, and lands on his face on a gym floor.

Sean: I'd like to think, I mean, I'd like to think ultimately what Chris and I do with our label, the term has been bastardized, and raped,

Louise: "Label"?

Sean: A punk label. There's nothing wrong with punk rock!



## LOUISE GOES TO ATHENS

A fanfiction by Katy Batsel

Louise Fucking Brooks (the "Fucking" is silent) awoke one morning and decided to become a Pop Celebrity. This decision was possibly influenced by wearing headphones playing Talulah Gosh on repeat as she slept.

Louise had gathered a small sum of money up to the point obtained by holding hands for money and acting in internet television shows about fifteen-year-olds in Washington, DC. While the grand majority of this money had been wasted away on self-titled Beat Happening albums and felt-tipped Sharpies, she still had \$5.47 to her name. She also had a number of floral dresses, one and a half bagels, and three heart-shaped buttons to her name. But that's beside the point.

Louise had attempted Pop Celebrity-dom many a time before, mostly by playing the air tambourine and attempting to sing. This time, however, she had it more planned out. "First!" Louise said, addressing the loud obnoxious birds cackling outside her window, "I am going to go to Athens!"

Louise then called up her friend Ally who had a car but was unfortunately incapable of answering a cell phone. Ally did not pick up as expected. She left an angry voicemail.

She then decided she must catch a bus. "I, Louise Fucking Brooks, hereby declare my intentions to catch a bus," she declared, even though you only declare your intentions to catch a train typically. Then you have to roll an even number. Louise did not roll an even or an odd number because she was catching a bus and not a train.

After catching the bus, ten hours of relatively uninteresting things happened. We'll skip that because no one wants to hear about creepy hobos hitting on Louise.

Upon arriving, Louise immediately left Ally another angry voicemail message,

She then sat on a bench and considered her options. She had not spent her \$5.47 on a bus ticket because she had commandeered the bus. So, like all popkids who have just come to Athens, she went to Wuxtry.

"Hello, I would like to be a Pop Celebrity." She informed the staff of Wuxtry.

"I see," said Mike Happy Happy Birthday To Me, who is the only staff member of Wuxtry whose name I know.

Louise then added, "Can I sleep on your couch?"

"No," said Mike.

"Oh. Fuck."

Having moved to Athens, Louise immediately became a Pop Celebrity with her fanzine. However, she was still impoverished and had to get a day job as all popkids must. So she started a bakery and found a popboy to snog.



I'm sorry.

Oh, Louise. Please  
don't apologize. You  
have nothing to  
be sorry for.

I'm sorry for  
myself.

